

MISSING

All letters will be regarded as strictly confidential, and must be addressed to Herbert H. Booth, Commandant, S. A. Temple, Albert St., Toronto, with the word "Inquiry" on corner of the envelope. FIFTY CENTS SHOULD ACCOMPANY APPLICATIONS.

573.—EMPEY, HIRAM STANTON, at heard of in Texas, U. S. Any information regarding the above-named, will be acceptable if addressed to A. J. Empey, care Captain M. 128 Gore Avenue, Vancouver, B. C. U. S. Crya please copy.

578.—MEMENAMIN, JOHN — Left land and landed in Montreal 18. He is now about 90 years old. I now John, 8 Church St., Whitby, Man., is the enquirer. New York please copy.

General Booth.

ion, in the distant past, he stood unknown, unheralded, unseen, but bravely for the good, and won the lowly poor among, the polished sticklers for the truth, and at his title: "General" Booth. A wondrous change! Behold, to-day lowly Christ's great soldier stands! His giant army owns his sway, and thousands grasp his honest hand! He did all the world admires, has earned the title — General Booth! —Chicago Dispatch.

He Fell on the Floor.

HEPAWA.—God has been giving us his blessed times of late. One Sunday lately the dear man fell on the floor as we prayed and pleaded with him, but he was a very deep sinner, the devil, thinking he would lose his good servant, mastered his forces, and charged our ranks. The man hung to his feet and tied from the racks, but the end

SEIZED THE MOMENT, took him by the arm, held him till he was persuaded by prayer and bidding to return to the barracks. A meeting was over, but the soldier remained to pray. God came and honored our faith; the penitent saw himself on a table in the room, then cried for mercy. God took the chains of sin. We wept, and God gave God with the glory of a new-born babe in Christ has been ringing the S. S. and fighting as a soldier ever since.

LAST TUESDAY had a special soldiers' meeting. "GET OUT for a clean heart." God is very near. Last night, full hail, and enrolled seven recruits. There are more the way. God has wonderfully used us in the past. Our faith is high for the future. CADET ARKIN.

MORDEN'S MEETINGS.

There are always living in a world of change, and Morden is no exception to the rule, farwells being the order of the day. Our officers have a fight for God elsewhere, and ours have come to take their own. God's name was glorified in salvation of one soul, a week ago, he is going on and growing in soul. We are keeping at it, and fame of Morden goes forth to the country round about. God saving! The soldiers fighting; over us, we shall conquer him. Amen. W. A. WHY, Secy.

A description of the memorial sent from each State for the memorial headquarters at New York, we notice that North Dakota's inscription was "Holiness unto the Lord," and Montana's, "We will be faithful." Good notions, those!

Read 1st Chapter of "Scotch Bob" IN THIS WEEK'S ISSUE.

WAR

THE

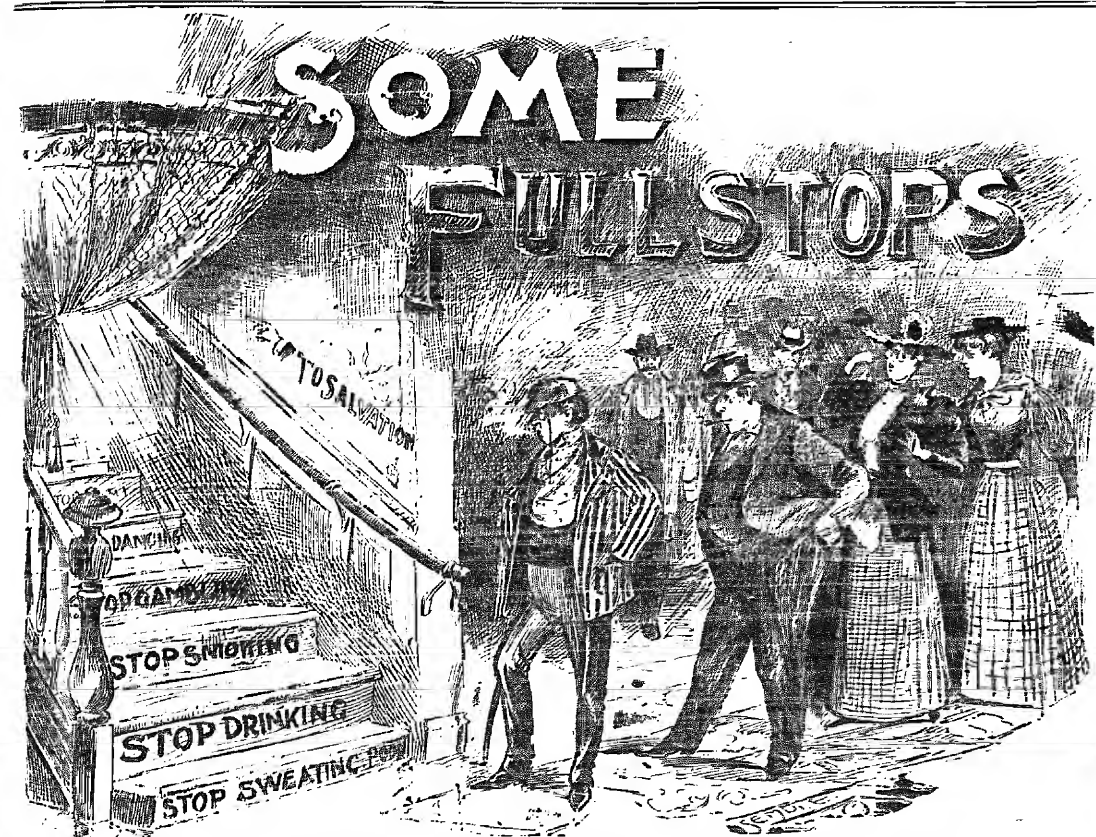
Our War Cry Representative Down East.

WALSH COMING CRY.

CRY



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HESITATING SOULS AND WHAT THEY WANT.

FIRST, A REPENTANT SPIRIT, THEN AN OBEDIENT HEART.



HERE are many of them, too many for us to detail. Everybody hasn't the same to confront them, but in every sinner's case there is some barrier, some hindrance, some full-stop, which they look at and ponder over, and sometimes palliate, but which in the great majority of cases, is allowed to remain, and how often it becomes

The Very Bridge

over which they are borne to a

never-ending, dark, sorrowful eternity.

The poor drunkard, though no bigger a sinner than the rest, will blindly allow himself to be ruined, body and soul, through the cursed drink. He may try and try again to conquer the habit, but he generally fails. Why? Because he seeks help from within, and it cannot be had. Bless God, as soon as he is willing to quit his sin and climb the stairs of repentance, he will find the loving arms of his Saviour put round him, and all his evil desires shall be taken

away. So with the other hesitating and procrastinating souls. Little use for them to start for God unless in their inmost heart they are willing and determined to denounce their idols for ever. How little is REAL repentance understood! There are thousands, yes, I believe, millions, who boast that they confess their sins to God every night, and ask forgiveness, and yet

Remain Strangers

to the pardoning love of God. You ask why? Simply because they con-

found mere regret with repentance. There is no repentance without a profound longing to eternally separate yourself from the hated thing. This is beautifully set forth by Christ Himself in the parable of the Prodigal Son. Not only was the prodigal sorry for his past, but he LEFT AT ONCE the old associates and came home mourning.

As soon as these souls are willing to separate themselves from what now hinders them reaching the high level of "Salvation," the path becomes easy.

HAVE YOU ANY HINDRANCES?

Then Agrippa Said unto Paul, Almost Thou Persuadest Me to be a Christian.

Acts xix. 36.

The War Cry Witness Box.



Bro. Nicholas Davis, of Hamilton,
Speaks.

I HAVE been asking my God to give me something to say through our S. A. Gazette that would be a blessing to some one, and can say, first of all, I love Jesus with all my heart, and am living to do His will in all things. If I did not have that kind of religion I would go down on my knees just now and plead with God to give just such sacrificing grace as that, but thank God I am His to fight, or even die, if needs be, for the Christ that has shed His precious blood for me on the cruel cross. I would say to all who have taken upon themselves the name of Jesus, and have avowed their determination to stick to and fight for God in the Salvation Army—remember, it means being misrepresented, misunderstood, and plenty of persecution; but if you will only take your eyes and mind off these things and center them on Christ and His suffering for you, and ask God to help you, they will all vanish and God will give you a conquering experience. Hallelujah.

NICHOLAS DAVIS,
48 Ferguson Ave., South.

The Great Salvation Army.

BY BANDSMAN NICHOLAS DAVIS.

Tune—"Captain Jinks."



I'm a soldier in the Salvation ranks,
Some people say we are a lot of
cranks,
But we are content to give God thanks,
For the great Salvation Army.
The devil he does often try, does
often try,
Does often try, the devil he doth
often try
To get me out of the Army.

Chorus.

I'm a soldier in the Salvation ranks,
I have learned in all things to give
thanks,
Yes! even when I am called a crank,
In the great Salvation Army.
They may call me what they like
below,
So long as I am full of Salvation go,
To win the world for God, you know,
And the great Salvation Army.
To thrust the devil is my delight, is
my delight, is my delight,
To thrust the devil is my delight,
Since I got saved in the Army.



A. D. son, Bandmaster Digges, A. Cowie, Basil D. Wood, J. Shack,
G. Hall, R. Tassale, C. Patten, C. Barrell,
R. Duggan, Wm. B. Lee, D. M. Kiegan

So to sin and the devil I have said
farewell,
You cannot drag me down to hell,
I mean with Jesus Christ to dwell,
In Heaven's Salvation Army;
So the devil need no more to try,
No more to try, no more to try,
So the devil need no more to try,
To get me out of the Army.

Come, all you lads and lassies brave,
Unto our Jesus and get saved,
And let your joyful hearts give praise
To the God of the Salvation Army;
Don't let that awful not-to-night,
Not-to-night, not-to-night!
Don't let that awful not-to-night,
Escape your lips in the Army.

Are You Bitten?

NEAR NEWBURG, N.Y., a mad dog
created intense excitement. It ran
through the streets snapping and
snarling at everyone it met. People
scattered right and left. The creature
finally rushed foaming into the
woods and vanished, eluding the
search party organized to despatch
him.

Would to God the world in general
was as TERRIFIED AT

THE VIRULENT SAVAGES

OF THE ARCH-ENEMY going about
like a roaring lion seeking whom he
may devour. Yet the insidious poison
of sin is far more to be dreaded
than hydrophobia, far more ghastly
in its result.

Poor, stricken sinner, with the
deathly venom purpling your veins,
would you have that cruel, gaping
wound cauterized? Then come to the
Divine Physician. His blood only can
put new life within you.

A GRAND ARMY man bought 18
War Cry in one meeting and distributed
them among the congregation.

A SPOKANE SALOONIST once told
the Captain he would buy a hundred
War Cry if the Army held an open-air
meeting in front of his place. The
open-air was held in the locality
requested. Into the rig stepped Mr.
Saloonist with his \$5 gold piece and
demanded the Cry. The Captain
rushed a messenger to the barracks
for the noble 100 and gave them to
the man.

That "Useful Weed."

IN VINELAND, N.J., the devil upset
some earnest revival services by
a simple, little device. He set the
people sneezing. Several packages of
powder came in through an open
window. The dignified deacons on
the front seat began to sneeze. A
ventriloquist and leading lady began to
cough. The choir started to take up
the song, but the organist was
obliged to

PAUSE TO SNEEZE

The pastor looked surprised, and gave
out the second verse, but he, too,
stopped, sputtering and coughing.
Everybody in a few minutes was
sneezing violently. The service was
hopelessly abandoned. The packages
contained snuff.

BEWARE OF THE DEVIL'S SNUFF.
You don't always see it come in thro'
the open windows in paper parcels,
but it will soon upset the service for
you, and your whole peace with God.

An Infernal Traffic

THE AWFUL EVIL of the slavery
of white female children to Chinese
men, which has long been suspected
by the authorities, is being investigated
by the Society for the Prevention
of Cruelty to Children. There is
every indication that degraded mothers
near Mott and Bell streets, N. Y.,
sell their children. The traffic is organized,
with an old woman at the head,
whose duties are those of a go-between.
Alas for the ghastly
evils in the world that are

"LONG SUSPECTED"

and left at that left, while FETTERING
HORRORS SHRIEK TO
HEAVEN AND EARTH for an eye to
pity and a hand to save.

Alas, for the world-worshipping
mothers who sell their daughters to
the god of mammon, betraying them,
in their innocence—Judas-like—with a
kiss!

The Salvation Army is the only
Church in the world which compels
abstinence from rum, and, therefore,
the only church that does not kneel
down more or less to the rum or
gargery.—The True Reform.

Holiness Psalmody.

Tune—"Now the chains of sin are broken."

Holy Spirit, God of Fire,
Come just now, just now;
Fill my soul with great desire,
Just now, just now.

Chorus.

Hallelujah, hallelujah! I look for His
power,
I'm believing and receiving, this very
hour.

Come revealing, come destroying
All the wrong in my soul,
Perfect love and peace bestowing,
Come and make me fully whole.

For Thy service, oh, baptize me,
With the blood and the fire;
With Thy Spirit sanctify me,
Tis my heart's sole desire.

CAPT. SIMS, Sec.

(3)-(3)-(3)

Tunes With panting heart that
dares to seek, "B.J." 6; Death
Land, "B.J." 169.

Upon God's promise I have stepped,
By His great power my life is kept;
On foaming wave or rippling sea
His grace abundant is for me.

Chorus.

Christ is mine! Christ is mine!
His face upon my way doth shine,
His power is all I need to go
Through every conflict here below;
Christ is mine! Christ is mine!
His face upon my way doth shine.

Sometimes the gloomy things about
Would tempt my trusting soul to
doubt:

By faith I look about and see
That Jesus stands and smiles on me.

The tempter oft would enter in,
And plead a compromise with sin;
But I can only victory find
By living pure in act and mind.

The fading things of time and space
I must forsake when I go hence;
When death's dark tide my feet shall
lave,

Then none but Jesus Christ can save
CAPT. W. RITCHIE, Toronto.



CONG

SOUL plunged in the fire
was brought from Satan
into the liberty of God.
We need no surrender
Word for Capt. Stata.

RAYFIELD—A beautiful
for the S. A. We have
from the Naval Brigade
Band. Both did good
good crowds. But the
out number one (of course
says do). A few souls
saved of late, which keep
spirits.—Annie Barber, C.

MONTREAL H.—Sunday
the meeting was led by
Ian and Esau Bay.
Major's baby was given
for life. The meeting was
spiritually for God was
power. Night meeting was
although no souls were
day night the meeting
Katie McDonald.

"Katie's White Robes,"
seven large pictures, were
time. It showed the life
of a soul in sin, all its
cross.—W. G. S. C.

NORTH SYDNEY.—In
warm weather we have
and stirring meetings.
spiritual holiness meet
WANDERERS came here
TET came to the cross.
Talent Scheme working
busy as bees over it. I
interested in it.—A. Sold.

LINENBURG, N.S.—G.
out His Spirit upon the
open-air, and inside, in
a number have joined the
prayer, a few have pro-
fession. Sunday last was
day. FIVE souls came
take courage and fight
bigger.

BOTHWILL—Just but-
ters at back of barracks.
Esau Ogilvie and other
cream social Town band
music. Very warm-hear-
men. Offered services
crowd. Successful meet-
Wardville. Good time
band of soldiers here. I
for two years without
on by Sergeant-Major S.
day at a school house
need to female ministry.
vic spoke very powerfully
\$23 for lumber. Much
Capt. Rutledge, Lieut.

WYOMING.—Although
using many ways of I
work in this place, yet I
able. Hallelujah! TWO
last report.—McImpney
ST. JOHN, III.—Eve
beautiful at present. O
day night for salvation
between A BACKSLIDE!
God after six years' wa-
came and knelt at the
a harvest of souls. G.
working in the right wa-
Pherson, Lieut.

BRACEBRIDGE DIST.
have just formed a trou-
of Esau Savage, Capt.
Fisher and your humble
purpose of our trip was
a number of places where
 seldom see or hear the
was the first. Rev. I
was kind enough to
church; also to arrange
from his pulpit. I
to the trouble of writ-
and putting them up in
and stores. We had a
People came from all pa-
ing. Our next stoppage
BURKEN FALLS.

place. We didn't ha-
church to go to, so on
was the open-air. Some

The Fury of the Fight

CONQUESTS ON THE FIELD

ATHENS.—On Sunday night ONE SOUL plunged into the fountain and was brought from Satan's bondage into the liberty of God. Hallelujah! We mean no surrender.—Cadet May Ward, for Capt. Scott.

DAYFIELD.—A beautiful little place for the S. A. We have had a visit from the Naval Brigade and Ladies' Band. Both did good service and had good crowds. But the Ladies came out number one (of course they always do). A few souls have been saved of late, which keeps us in good spirits.—Amie Barber, Captain.

MONTREAL II.—Sunday afternoon the meeting was led by Staff McMillan and Judge Ray. The Sergeant-Major's baby was given to the Lord for life. The meeting was a success, spitefully, for God was with us in power. Night meeting well attended, although no souls were saved. Monday night the meeting was led by George McDonald. The subject, "Katie's White Robes." Illustrated by seven large pictures, was a blessed time. It showed the different stages of a soul in sin, till it came to the cross.—W. G. S. C.

NORTH SYDNEY.—In spite of the warm weather we have good crowds and stirring meetings. Friday night, splendid influence meeting. TWO WANDERERS came home. ONE SOLDIER came to the cross Sunday night. Thank Science working well. Soldiers may be seen over it. People getting interested in it.—A Soldier.

LUNenburg, N.S.—God is pouring out His Spirit upon us. Crowds at open-air, and inside, interest good. A number have rubbed their hands for prayer, a few have professed salvation. Sunday last was a memorable day. FIVE souls came to God. We take courage and fight on.—Lunenburg.

ROTHWELL.—Just built new quarters at back of barracks. Visit from Ensign Ogilvie and other officers. Ice cream social Town band gave free music. Very warm-hearted lot of men. Offered services to attract crowd. Successful meeting. Visited Wardville. Good time. Faithful band of soldiers here. Have held on for two years without officers, led on by Sergeant-Major Smith. Next day at a school house. People not used to female ministry. Ensign Ogilvie spoke very powerfully. Raised \$25 for lumber. Much enthusiasm.—Capt. Rutledge, Lieut. Pyne.

WYOMING.—Although the devil is using many ways of hindering the work in this place, yet God is on our side. Hallelujah! TWO SOULS since last report.—McJinney.

ST. JOHN, III.—Everything looks beautiful at present. ONE SOUL, Friday night for salvation. Sunday afternoon A BACKSLIDER returned to God after six years' wandering in sin, came and knelt at the cross. Oh, for a harvest of souls. God's Spirit is working in the right way.—J. R. McPherson, Lieut.

JACARBURG DISTRICT.—We have just formed a troupe, consisting of Ensign Savage, Capt. Smith, Cadet White and your humble servant. This troupe of our trip was to call at a number of places where they very seldom see or hear the Army. NOVA was the first. Rev. Mr. Houseman was kind enough to lend us his church, also to announce our meeting from his pulpit. He even went to the trouble of writing out notices and putting them up in the postoffice and stores. We had a good meeting. People came from all parts surrounding. Our next stopping place was BURKES FALLS, a nice business place. We didn't have a hall or church to go to, so our only chance was the open-air. Some four hundred

people congregated. Results, a nice collection and a good influence produced. A great many were anxious enquiring if we had come to open up a corps. The people seemed to be anxious to have one. SUNDAY, a beautiful little place. The people here are quiet. Enthusiastically believe and endorse our manner of doing it. The Orange hall was secured for the occasion. Full house and a blessed time. Next day 21 miles of a drive brings us to EMSDALE. Rev. Mr. Elliott was kind enough to announce our meeting and get a hall. Had an open-air. The hall was packed. Rev. Mr. Houseman sang a solo and Rev. Mr. Elliott led the testimony meeting. The district is keeping on the move. Ensign Mrs. Savage, also Baby Freda, are all keeping well.—W. R., for Ensign A. S.

SUSSEX.—God is keeping His soldiers fighting and also helping them to win. ONE SOUL last Sunday. Others ought to have come, but the not-to-night devil kept them back.—Penny and Boney.

PERTH.—We had a time of the Son of Man on Sunday afternoon, a good meeting. A man held up his hands for prayer. At night we had it in the superlative, wonderful conviction. TWO BROTHERS wanting to be prayed for requested us to do so.—W. M. Temple and A. A. K.

PEARETON, P. Q.—Got nearly to work at Penetion. Believing to see a grand victory for God. The enemy will be defeated and God glorified.—Capt. P. McLean.

HOLLINGSHEAD.—We had a grand time at the dedication of Sergeant Hollingshead's new barn last Sunday. The Petroles, Glen Rae and Weymouth corps closed down for the day. We had good crowds all day. In the holiness meeting quite a number testified to the blessing of sanctification, and Mrs. Ensign Miller spoke with power. Lieut. Moulton, from Turkuh, was dancing happy. We commenced the afternoon meeting on our knees and got our faith strengthened, after which we had a real Holy Ghost time. In the evening Sergt. Dupes, the hallelujah preacher, said that the day he got saved he and his wife walked fifteen miles on purpose to get saved, and the Lord had kept them both for nearly forty-two years. Wound up with a red-hot prayer meeting. Lots of conviction, but no souls.—Rev. Craig for Ensign Miller.

ANNAPOLIS.—The War Cry is all the go in Annapolis. The soldiers and local officers are making things hum in the War Cry line.—One Who Is At It.

DILDO, Nfld.—A change from Old Perleau to Dildo, from Lana's End to the bottom of the bay. Hallelujah! This week we have had THREE at the cross for salvation and FIFTEEN for holiness. Hallelujah!—Capt. L. England, Lieut. S. Hiseock.

DILDO.—On Sunday we went in with prayer and faith for souls. We were not disappointed, but had the joy of seeing FIVE rejoicing in a new found Saviour. Monday night, welcome meeting, in which one dear old lady returned to her Father's home.—Susie Hiseock, Lieut.

GEORGETOWN, P. E. I.—FOUR PRECIOUS SOULS have sought and found Jesus, and, unlike the men of old, they have returned to give God glory. One young girl who gave her heart to God brought her mother with her to meeting and she, too, fell at Jesus' feet.—Lieut. Fraser, for Capt. Fook.

INGERSOLL.—Real grand times this week end, in spite of millers, heat and the devil. Saturday and Sunday Capt. G. MacKenzie with us. Monday we were blessed and inspired by a visit from Brig. Margetta and Capt. Creighton. Meeting beautiful. Major Complin and wife are coming. We are looking forward in faith for a blessed, old-fashioned, soul-saving time.—Minnie Kennedy.

ST. JOHN I.—We are praying, and hope ere long, to see many of the hating ones seek God. Monday night we had a service of song, and ice cream social, which all enjoyed. Tuesday night all the city corps united for a special meeting at No. 1, Eric Scott and Elis. Combs in command. At the close of this meeting ONE BACKSLIDEN BROTHER sought to have the joys of God's salvation restored to him.—Sergt. Mrs. Lane.

PORT PHILIP.—We are rounding the town, even the constable has got a move on. We are having open airs in places where they have never been before, and are going in to whip the old oil all we possibly can. By the bye, last Sunday was the time for a free-and-easy. Every soldier, praise God, yes, and every officer, and some in the congregation, were filled with the power of the living God, and at close ONE five-year-old backslider

volunteered out, completely broken down. Hallelujah! Praying for more to follow.—Capt. Stainforth.

FREDERICTON.—Refreshing times. Some meeting last night. Best spiritual feeling all day Sunday. Meeting led by Brigadier Scott, Ensign Combs and Capt. Edwards. SEVEN for the blessing and TEN for salvation. Hallelujah! War Cry going with a boom. Soldiers rejoicing, some showing physical evidence of it. God shall have the glory.—W. H. Byers, Capt.

CARIBONIA, Nfld.—Seventy miles over water, 53 on train, and four with horse and rig, brought us to our destination, where we are going in to do our best to bring the Caribonians to Jesus. Very good meetings all day Sunday. Captain Clark, who has been here resting, said goodbye, and went to take charge of Hant's Harbour. ONE SOUL at the wind-up. TWO MORE on Monday night. The devil would have us to believe that the summer season is not for getting souls saved, but he's got left, and on we go in conquer.—Captain George P. Thompson.

CORNWALL.—Although you have not heard from us for some time, we have not left town, neither have we fallen asleep. Yesterday we had a good time. Soldiers turned out fine for the marches, with that beautiful banner to the front our comrades are so proud of. Meetings good inside. While Captain was making the announcements, a gentleman stepped to the front and handed her \$1 bill. At night another followed his example. Capt. Toole farewelled last night for Ottawa. God bless our comrades here. Go in, Bros. Cook and Cross, to fight the devil.—Trifloria.

CATALINA, Nfld.—Wind northward, causing a large number of schooners on their way to Labrador to put in here, gave us, as Salvationists, a splendid chance to thrash the devil. It was Tuesday night, and soldiers' meeting announced. Nevertheless, when we saw the hungry crowd turned away, we soon decided to have a public meeting. Strapped drums, and away for a march around town, halting every now and then to announce our meeting. Glad to say before we got back to the barracks we had twelve outmost soldiers besides our own little band, and also a packed building. Capt. Thompson, who has been here a week anxiously awaiting for the Salvationist to take him to his corps, felt proud to meet so many of his Caribonians comrades. We believe the eternal morning will reveal results.—Cadet A. Norman.

Notes from Prince Edward Island.

CHARLOTTETOWN.—In spite of the warm weather we are getting on very well, crowds outside splendid, and inside very good. Three souls testify, all thoroughly in earnest. One lad, who was saved last Friday, packed his trunk in anticipation of being turned out of doors, his people not being friendly towards the Army. Such, however, has not taken place, and God is giving him much victory. Another of the converts came (under the influence of drink) to the quarters to be prayed with, and two or three nights after the penitent form to be saved. On Sunday afternoon we held our meetings in the park; large crowds came out from town. Ensign Atwood was with us for a couple of nights last week. Had a good time, one soul, and the Sergt.-Major's baby dedicated.

SUMMITTSIDE is now under the command of Capt. and Mrs. Charlie Allen. The fight is hard, but Jesus lives to give us victory.

Four old GEORGETOWN is coming to the front again. The officers report THREE SOULS.—Ensign Galt.



THE COMMANDANT AND STAFF AT KINGSTON.—The monster drum in the background.

CHILDHOOD'S VOICES!

"Some Women's Weary World."

MRS. BOOTH'S SPECIAL SPHERE—THREE INSTITUTIONS AFFORD REFUGE FOR THE ILL-FATED INNOCENTS—THE RESCUE HOME—WOMEN'S SHELTER—SLUM HOME.

THE RESCUE HOME

WITH ITS NURSERY.

"A fearful gift upon thy heart is laid,
Woman!—prayer to suffer and to love,
Therefore thou so canst pity."

—Mrs. H. Evans.

"LET NOT MY CHILD BE A GIRL, for very evil is the life of a woman!" So runs the mournful refrain of its private poem.

Here in the Rescue Home one trembles as one catches the same dull echo, beating with hopeless monotony through chapter after chapter.

"Sorrowful stories—oh, sorrowful!" sighs Adjutant Higgs. "Tell you some?—but there are no many, I don't know where to begin!"

The same sad history over, and over, and over! And yet some of them are so beautiful in their sadness!

THE FACTS in each one are soon told—they are short enough, but who can fill in the space between the lines? Who can sound the depths of anguish that penetrate the soul and

Turn to Stone the Tender Heart

of the girl when she wakes from her dream and finds herself betrayed—despised—FALLING! An content, through the one to whom, with her beautiful, confiding nature, she has abandoned herself in the whole devotion of her trembling soul! With her limitless power of memory, casting a light of hero-worship round some half-hearted scoundrel, who leaves her with her innocence deceived, and lost forever!

Oh! grows so weary with its eternal repetition.

"I cannot have their love to fall,
And I were wiser at the north wind's breath,
And give in me—let fall—
Thou hadst all reason for this one, I think."

IN THE BLUE AND GOLD COAT, with its story of the faded Violet, another little child was laid, a tiny, weary trembler, drift on the river of death, floating away on its quiet current into a breathless sleep.

Gone under the window, where every least stir of the summer breeze, blowing over the lake, could answer

The Faint Heaving of the Fluttering Chest

pulsing up and down.

Oh, Death, with your stern, old face, WHY did you pinch those little features?—WHY should you damp that forehead, and glaze those pretty eyes, till you print the reflection of your own strange likeness on the face of an infant of a year?

What incongruous mystery! A DYING CHILD!

"Poor baby!" repeated the Adjutant, as the twining, waxen fingers closed upon one of her little helplessness. "Poor baby-loy, he has suffered all his little life. We thought he must have died long ago, but I'm very glad he stayed—her baby has been Katie's salvation. He helped us to keep track of her; her love for her suffering infant has held her to us; her sorrow has helped to make a new woman of Katie."

"When first she came she was one of the most independent and high-spirited tempers I've ever dealt with. She was a girl who WOULD NOT OBEY! She came of a good family,

ton. She had been well-educated, but I've seen her

Cry from Pure Passion

when I've talked to her. Now, by degrees, her love for her baby has entered her willful, stubborn spirit and brought her down to the Cross. Her disposition is just as different now—so soft, and docile, and teachable.



"Something to love, to rest upon,
To clasp affection's tendril round."

"What a long, tedious while it is before some people will let their proud, haughty wills be broken by the Lord!" added the Adjutant.

"Then me and broken-hearted,
T's a cold comfort to the grave departed."

"THIS," continued our guide, moving to another of the dozen cradles, "this is Bertha's child. I shall never forget her self-sacrifice. She was her mother's cherished daughter, her father's right hand, in a home of comfort and peace."

"It was the usual tale.
"Who was engaged to be married, but the man deceived and left her."
When the awful truth burst in all its terror upon her, the wronged girl felt she could never endure to face the shame and disgrace she must bring upon her friends. So she slipped away unknown, to the strange city, away from the place where her innocent childhood had passed, away from those who had nurtured and spoiled her, away to brave alone a contemptuous world.

Haunted with Her Shame.

IN TORONTO she found a situation. In vain her people sought for her. For them there was no more sound or sign of poor, lost Bertha.

But the mother pined, and grieved, and faded away in the agony of uncertainty, whilst her gray-haired husband brooded with her.

Meanwhile, from the hospital, Bertha entered our home. Obstinate she refused to write her people. It would kill her mother to know, she said.

At last a letter reached her.

That Mother was Dead.

Died grieving, with never a parting word or a kiss of forgiveness for the erring child!

Oh, Bertha wept bitter tears upon that letter! Then

Her Desolate Old Father Pleaded

with her to come home to him. I thought it best she should return, and now he clings to her so he can scarcely let her a step from his sight. Such a nice girl, too, nothing flighty or frivolous about her, like some of them, who try to laugh it off.

"You good-for-nothing, you!" one of the others said, throwing the past up at her.

Oh, DON'T tell me that!" she groaned, "I know it only too well!" And so they do. That's the difficulty. Some grow hard and bitter in their disappointment; one cannot bring them to take heart again. Hope has left them. One has to drag them out of a fatalism of despair, with their false-born babies.

"What do you wounds ever closed without a scar?
The heart a blood-sung, and but heal to wear
That which eludes a scar."

"What touched me strangely was the Christ-like spirit of one lady who called with a girl. She seemed almost unearthly in her sweet forgiveness and Divine pity. This girl had got into trouble through her husband. Somewhere outside Toronto they had met. He proved a villain, and the girl knew nothing that he was a married man. Deceived with his flattering words, she became wrapt up in him, and followed him to the city to look for work. He visited her at the house until her mistress suspected and dismissed her. Then if that villain—IT MAKES ONE'S BLOOD BOIL!—didn't take her to the house of his wife with a made-up story about having found a poor girl, friendless and homeless, in the city, and suggested that she should stay and work with them. The gentle, Christian woman took her in, kept her, and assisted her, whilst her husband was playing her false."

"At last the truth broke in upon her. She faced him with it all her own, with the devil in him, and smashed almost everything in the house."

"By this time the foolish young girl had become so infatuated, so com-



"After breakfast we let the tiny ones lie, and kick, and crawl for a while."

pletely under his influence, that she cared for nothing and nobody. He hired a room and they passed as a married couple.

"At last her baby was born, and he left for Buffalo, sending her

A Cruel, Curt Letter,

telling her he could do nothing more for her now; she must shift for herself."

"That story is nothing new—the incredible part is that when his forsaken wife, left with a family to support, heard of the girl's condition she sought her out, cared for her, and brought her to the Salvation Army Home, weeping over her like a playing angel. 'My poor girl!' she said."

"—O—O—"

"MANY was another. Here was a really beautiful character, a case of devoted, worshipping innocence deceived under promise of marriage."

Still another was close to her. "This day, with her tresses all ready. The broken-hearted girl gave quite a few of her things to the home."

mother brought her own daughter, a little thing in her teens, in short skirts even. The poor child

Sobbed, and Clung Round Her Neck

til the mother asked us to kneel and pray. She could not keep her at home on account of her stepfather's wrath at the disgrace.

"Is it any wonder if we cannot rear some of these ill-starred offspring, born with eye-lids red through their young mother's weeping?"

"—O—O—"

"Still, it isn't all dark—there's a great deal of cheer about this work, a silver lining to the cloud."

"This dear lady, Joe, his mother's a bright Salvation soldier in service now. Often she exclaims, 'Oh, what would have become of me if there had been no place where some one cared for my soul!'"

"Twenty-five, too, I had a letter from the first rescue case I ever helped away in Victoria. She is doing beautifully, although for eight years she had been following the downward road."

"—O—O—"

So stands the Parkdale Rescue Home, by the lake side, among the plum trees and the apples, where the pure, beautiful air moves the

Blooming Grasses, Snowed Over with Marguerites,

and ankle deep in ruddy clover. You may see it there by the railway, embowered deep amongst the walking mountain ash trees and the maples, where the birds still keep high holiday.

"—O—O—"

But this is only one of SEVEN SIMILAR INSTITUTIONS in the Dominion, where, during six months, over two hundred girls have been admitted and nearly fifty children in the nurseries attached. In addition, a hundred and fifty girls have had temporary assistance, and babies, too, some have become soundly converted, some have gone to situations, some to the hospital, and some, clothed and in their right minds, have been restored to their people.

THE MAJORITY of these inmates come personally seeking assistance; others are brought by friends, whose faith runs high in our system and principles. Some are received from the Police Court, the jail, the Mercantile, and from houses of ill-fame. Once safely within our walls, they learn to work. But most of all, they are pointed to "the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world."

"Earth Has No Sorrow that Heaven Cannot Heal."



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Mrs. Booth's

Day Nursery and Women's Shelter.

"With softly pillowed head
I lie upon my bed:
The night is raw,
I hear my mother on her brow."

ONE SCARCELY KNOWS whether to laugh or cry with the bewildered child, who, uttering her nightly prayer, adds her own philosophy. "And, dear Lord, this afternoon, I saw out upon the cold street a poor, little girl, and she had no shoes on stockings on, and—(in silence follows, as though the little mind were staggered with the immensity of the problem, when she concludes.)—HUP! IT'S NONE OF OUR BUSINESS, IS IT, GOD?"

It is nothing to you, all ye that pass by!
Is it nothing to you that your sister should die?"

It may have been fancy, but the girl letters did seem to shine out with a certain kindly, benevolent twinkle through the dark, rich green of the old chestnut trees that shade the large, three-story house into which the Shelter has recently been transferred.

HOME FOR WORKING WOMEN, with Mrs. Booth's design for a CHURCH, or day nursery, carried out into charming realization.

"Children Left Here will be Properly Cared for."

So runs the printed notice. Here any poor, forlorn soul can come, whatever her sin or sorrow, whatever the stress of circumstance that may have tossed her homeless, in earth's turmoil. Here, her weary spirit never

Chilled with Contemptuous Criticism

—she may find a shelter in the time of storm, and, to boot, for seven cents a clean, warm bed, or for three a bowl of good soup, a nice cup of tea, cocoa, or coffee, with bread and butter. Here, with the unshinited advantage of a WELL-SUPPLIED BATHROOM, she may free herself and her clothing from the dust of her troublesome journey over life's tortuous road.

Then, refreshed and renewed, her temporary needs supplied with the Salvation Army's "COME AND DINE," then her softened heart is free to listen to the whisper, "LOVEST THOU ME?"

IN THE SITTING-ROOM she may sit and sew, or read, or pour out all the bitterness of her poor, over-charged spirit in comfortable confidence that from the officers she will receive nothing but wholesome counsel, and the sympathy that tells the truth, though it wounds to hurt the sister's sympathy that delights to minister, writing her letters, attending to a thousand and one little wants, and ever seeking, first and foremost, her soul's salvation.

Here in the large cupboard she can place her precious parcels—often all her earthly store, or confide her small board of savings contentedly into the Captain's hands.

"It is curious how much more at home our women feel if they have a cupboard where they can stow their goods. Some people would laugh at the things they count as treasures," So said the Captain.



THE GREGHE.

This was all in brother readiness for the children of the mothers who spend the day out at the wash-tub, or with the scrubbing-brush, but who would rather leave them locked by themselves in a room for hours together, and keep them with them, than part with them in an institution. "Everything is arranged," explained Captain Barber, "exactly according to

Mrs. Booth's Taste and Direction.

She collected for almost everything. We consent and take counsel with her as a great deal.

"She collected and chose all those pretty cradles—see."

Pretty indeed! Wicker cradles, with rockers, and softly lined with moss-velvet, the tiny, white sheets and pillows for the unconscious, innocent heads to nestle, harbored safely for a little while, before they launch into the tempestuous ocean scudding before them.

"Oh, the little ones," continued Captain Barber, "they come in crowds from all around, at night, just at dusk, when they are too tired with the heat of the day to play, they tumbled up in the morning and played all day in the streets."

A ROOM ESPECIALLY FOR MOTHERS WITH CHILDREN who avail themselves of the night's shelter is kept on purpose on the top of the newly-rented house, with its clear view across the roofs and the roofs of St. John's Ward.

In the basement a small apartment is reserved for those who come under the influence of liquor, endorsing the big text,

"The Drunkard May Come."

hauling above the iron beds, with the neat, low, heavily-imperiled kitchen, on the stove a great saucepan was simmering with soup for dinner, full of carrots, turnips, potatoes, and meat, with much savory promise.

In the corner stood a shame-faced little figure. "Of what crime is he guilty?" we inquired, gravely. Lieutenant's face was very solemn. "He was discovered," said she, "flushing stuff out of a pair of pig's-will, and EATING IT." Jack, will you ever do it again?" Jack looked dubious. "N-no," he promised, irresolutely.

"Very well, you may go." But we thought that "no" had the sound of pleasure in it—made to be broken. Near the door

Topsy Dorothy's Dusker Mother

was frothing piled-up heaps of tiny garments.

Upstairs, in the first bedroom, there was the dear, little daughter who had run out to the penitents for a while, so, at hollow meeting. She was helping the officers to dust. On one side the row of wicker cradles, and opposite the green iron cots, the railing showing dark through the tur-

red lining, glow like a picture. Above that still the DAY NURSERY.

A little stove, shelves of broken toys, and a large screen pasted with pictures. By one cradle, quaintly and daintily shaped, like a sea-shell,

"I'M SYLVIE," explained the eldest girl of Captain Baldwin's family of twenty, ranging from one year up to ten. Sylvie's poor father died after years of invalidism, and her mother has scarcely strength to support herself.

"And who are these?" we pointed to

A Regiment of High Baby-Chairs

on the grass beneath the shadow of the "This is Bode," she replied, blithely, "with a ambonnet on. This is Peter. He has been sick. See how thin he is—look at his legs! But he's getting better. This is Walter; he's a noisy boy. This is Mildred, with brown eyes. Here is Howard, and this is Harry, little rogue, he's kicked his shoes and stockings off to play with his toes. Here is Walter, he came to us from the Rescue Home. That's Cecil, lying on his back on the grass. Then there's Arthur, and Bertha, and Fanny, and Irene, and ME."

On the other side of the lawn, beneath the cover of a large wenge,

lifted off and placed on the grass to do duty as a tent, a delightful, round, fat, covered baby was sleeping, her brown neck and arms crumpled into dimples above her gay, pink frock. "Topsy Dorothy."



Regiments of High Baby Chairs.

"White shoes they wear or gory," croaked three-year-old Max. How could a mother find it in her heart to leave him and his lovely little brother?

"WHEN MY GRANDMA came to see me she brought me a new pair of pants and a blouse," boasted Newton, with the experience of six years before the wisdom of eight.

"IS THAT ALL she brought you?" said Ward, with sarcastic tones. "Well," defended the appreciative little granddame, "I think that's very good, for she's old and poor."

We strolled in over the green grass through sweet Babylon.

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On the other side of the lawn, beneath the cover of a large wenge,

cradles were softly sealed with the kiss of death.



The boys' room.

More cradles and more cots, where beautiful, healthy, little ones were

Pillowed in Racy Sleep.

past the Captain's bedroom, to the third story upstairs, and there we found the second capacious bath-room with a second row of marble-set basins.

"HOW WHITE WILLIE IS NOW," the children kept exclaiming, but the fact of the matter was the filthy, dirt-caked, ragged, young newcomer had been introduced to a good scrub in the bath from top to toe, the result being an improvement by two or three degrees lighter in his complexion.

Two more rooms, with about eight small iron beds in each. "The girls' room" and "the boys' room," by courtesy.

Y-TWO STRAY LAMBS have found good pasturage within this gracious fold.

F. K.



TORONTO SLUM CORPS.

Three Brave Lassies.

Some of the War Cry readers will no doubt be a little curious to know if the slum work spoken of in the Cry some months back has begun yet. About two weeks ago on Saturday night three officers went out with torches and auto-lamp

Dressed in Slum Costume,

hat and apron, and in our hearts the love of God. We scarcely know where best to begin, but seeing a crowd of children and a few older ones standing idly around a corner, we halted and began singing, "The conquering Saviour can break every chain," etc., and kept singing for about fifteen minutes as this was about the only way we could reach our congregation. As usual, the children invited us to come again. We passed on to another corner and spent a few minutes longer with another lot, some white, some black, some Italian, some German, etc., and came home praying and believing God would bless our weary efforts with success. As the week came the next night, red hot and ready for the fight, to help us, and sent home some straight Gospel messages to our company gathered around us. One Italian man invited us down to another corner

In Front of His Own House

where a number of both men and women were gathered. We prayed and sang, and came home blessed in our own souls. All the week God has been helping us. We were cheered on by having the assistance of the Headquarters' Staff Band with us on Sunday night, had two good operators, and for about two hours did our utmost to send the message of salvation home to our hearts. We believe God is going to save—Capt. H. Stern Officer.

Are you thin-skinned spiritually?

HAVE you enough Holy Ghost in you to stir up the opposition of the devil?



"After breakfast we let the day pass by, and look, and crow for a while."

pletely under his influence, that she cared for nothing and nobody. He hired a room and they passed as a married couple.

"At last her baby was born, and he left for Buffalo, sending her

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telling her he could do nothing more for her now; she must shift for herself.

"That story is nothing new—so recently that it is that when his broken wife, left with a family to support, heard of the girl's condition she sought her out, cared for her, and brought her to the Salvation Army Home, weeping over her like a nightingale. 'My poor girl!' she said.

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"Still, it isn't all dark—there's a great deal of cheer about this work, a silver lining to the cloud.

"This dear baby, Sue, his mother is a bright Salvation soldier in service now. Often she exclaims, 'Oh, what would have become of me if there had been no place where some one cared for my son!'

"To-day, then, I had a letter from the first woman case I ever helped—away in Victoria. She is doing beautifully, although for eight years she had been following the downward road."

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"Earth Has No Sorrow that Heaven Cannot Heal."

Mar Crp.

OFFICIAL ORGAN OF
THE SALVATION ARMY
IN CANADA AND NEWFOUNDLAND.

A Journal devoted to the salvation of the lost and sanctification of the saved, together with the propagation of the Salvation War in all places.
Address all communications to the Editor, Salvation Army Headquarters, Toronto.

We win.

Glory to God!

"Be strong and of a good courage."

The records of the fight show that we realize the value of our open-air privileges.

Through the open-air meetings at Hamilton a man who had in his possession some stolen property became so awakened to his true condition that he handed said property to the Army authorities at Toronto for them to return to the owner. He also sought forgiveness from God, and is now doing well.

The Commandant still forges ahead. Occasional reports of his meetings, which appear in the pages of this Cry, give no adequate idea of the amount of work he daily grapples with, nor of the large proportion of each consecutive twenty-four hours he devotes to the affairs of the kingdom of Jesus Christ. His last week-end was spent at Peterboro. No reports are at present obtainable of the meetings there, but on Dominion Day an unusually good time was experienced in the meeting the Commandant led on the camp ground.

Our front rank warrior, Major Jewer, is no better, rather worse. Cheer up, Major. Your comrades are still praying for you. Trust on, Mrs. Jewer.

"Heidnt a frowning Providence
He hides a smiling face."

Mrs. Colonel Badie, we regret to say, is not recovering. Only very faint hopes can be entertained of her recovery by human aid. Colonel Badie, an old comrade in Canada's early Salvation fight, has our tender sympathy. May the great God sustain him now, and may the Good Shepherd smooth Mrs. Badie's couch of pain, and enable her all the way to say, "I will fear no evil."

Holliness is the abolition of sin, the doing of righteousness and the enthronement of God. It is harmony; it is health; it is union; it is victory; it is joy unspendable and full of glory. It is the work of the Holy Ghost, begun in pardon and adoption, made complete through body, and soul, and spirit in full salvation, and brought to perfection in the maturity and fruitfulness of an obedient heart and a consecrated life.

The power of holiness is the Eternal God. The way of holiness is straight and leads to the cross. The testimony of holiness convicts the sinner. The fruit of holiness is love. The test of holiness is hard work and real sacrifice for the salvation of the bodies and souls of men. Its watchword is "Others."

If holiness is possible anywhere, to any one, at any time, it must be possible everywhere, to every one, and at all the time, and therefore to you and just now. Desire it above everything else. Seek it before everything else. Pay the price marked on it—

Wells' : Hill : Camp, TORONTO.

CROWDS—LIBERTY—CONVERSIONS.

Colonel Holland Leads off—Has a Boiling-Over Time—Sees Souls Saved—The Commandant Leads Two Great Fights on Dominion Day and Five Persons Volunteer for Salvation—Major Complin Leads the Musical Go.

The Camp Meetings on Wells' Hill are a splendid success. The spirit manifested by soldiers and Christian people generally has been all that could be desired. This has made an excellent impression on the crowds who attend the meetings. There are 25 families camping on the hill this year, all converted people, thus making it

A HEAVEN ON EARTH.

There are two or three meetings held every day. The first week-end was conducted by COLONEL HOLLAND, assisted by HQ. BAND. It was prophesied that such grand meetings were the forerunners of glorious times—souls being saved, and a regular boiling-over time.

On Dominion Day the Commandant conducted two grand meetings in a full tent. The afternoon meeting was a rioter. When the Commandant entered the tent all the people stood to their feet and fired volley after

volley. The attack resulted in the salvation of FIVE SOULS. At night the Commandant was assisted by the new Headquarters' String Band. The meeting was full of life and our leader in excellent spirits. He spoke with great feeling and power, finishing the day with a real, old-time wind-up.

Our expectations are running high for next week-end, which the Commandant leads.

The last meeting held to date was a musical meeting, conducted by Major Complin, assisted by Headquarters' Staff Band, which was much appreciated by a good audience. A young man got saved at the end of the meeting.

Our camp meetings are not at all behind any that have been held previously, our tent being twenty feet larger than in former days.

The campers are in a happy condition. Prayer meetings held all over the ground. MAJOR HOWELL.



CAPT. and MRS. PUOT, the Eastern Provincial Light Brigade Agents, recently married at Ottawa by the Commandant.

nothing less than the sum total of your ail, and begin now to believe God is true, and you shall have it. He is faithful. I have proved it.—W. Bramwell Booth.

The profits accruing from our transactions in the soul-saving business will be computed, not from the quantity of our service, but from the quality; the spirit of our work will determine our success here, and then at the day of account the "gold" will be that which has come from right-spirited labor.—Staff-Captain Alvin G. Fisher.

A clean heart will produce a clean life; and if we go forward with a clean heart, a single eye and a living faith, God must be glorified in and through us; souls must and shall be converted. I have a clean heart.—Commissioner D. M. Rees.

MISS McDONALD has been appointed to the West Ontario Headquarters.

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ST. CAPTAIN MARTIN, who assisted Major Morris as scribe in Newfoundland, is now Lieutenant at the Parkdale Rescue Home.

GAZETTE.

PROMOTIONS.

Captain Alex. Criddle, chief assistant Newfoundland Province, to be ENSIGN.
Captain W. J. Payer, Eastern District, to be ENSIGN.
Lieutenant J. Leger, Eastern District, to be Captain at Bird Island Cove.
Lieutenant Russell, Polly's Island, to be Captain at Greenop.
Lieutenant C. H. Carter, to be Captain at Gooseberry Island.
Lieutenant S. Mercer, St. John's, to be Captain at Brigus.
Lieutenant G. Thompson, Bird Island Cove, to be Captain at Chatham.
Lieutenant M. H. Greenop, to be Captain at Grand Bank.
Cadet B. Talley, Old Politian, to be Captain at Trinity.
Cadet G. Green, Chatham, to be Captain at Grand Bank.
Cadet L. Shepherd, Chatham, to be Lieutenant at Old Politian.
Cadet A. Forward, St. John's, to be Captain at Chatham.
Cadet T. Fisher, Trinity, to be Lieutenant at Bird Island Cove.
Cadet J. Payer, Bird Island Cove, to be Lieutenant at Grand Bank.
Cadet D. Wray, Halifax Social, to be Lieutenant.

APPOINTMENTS.

ENSIGN McILLAN, Chief Secretary's Office, to be District Officer, Eastern District, under Capt. Smeaton.
ENSIGN CRIDDLE, chief assistant, Newfoundland Province, to be District Officer, Trinity Bay District.
ENSIGN PAYER, Eastern District, to be District Officer, Southern District, Newfoundland.
ENSIGN FREEMAN, D.O. Trinity Bay District, to be D.O. Northern District, Newfoundland.
ENSIGN GOODE, D.O. Northern District, to be District Officer, Eastern District, Newfoundland.
Lieutenant R. G. Greenop, to be District Officer, Eastern District, Newfoundland.
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Brigadier Margetts,

AND Major and Mrs. Complin AT PARIS.

Captain Whelan and Lieut. Hollett made the War Cry editor and his wife feel welcome as soon as they got off the cars at Paris. When Brigadier Margetts and Captain Complin arrived at the officers' quarters a musical programme was soon fired for the evening meeting.

The open-air was in point of numbers, attention, and financial help, a wonder. So was the inside meeting. The Brigadier discoursed on the utmost salvation right gleefully in the barracks, and the editor tried hard to get some people to come to the penitential form, but failed. It was a capital "go," though.

THE SALVATION NAVY.

The "William Booth's" Tour—Visit to the States.

TOLEDO, O.

Monday morning finds us pulling out from Windsor for Toledo, U.S. Monroe is a place that neither fears God nor man. We trust their hearts may be touched by the pleading influence of the ladies. The sail across the lake was the best of the season, for with a good stiff breeze our little boat waited along, and all with merry hearts and smiling faces, they joined the rolling of the boat. We reached Amherstburg, and here we were received with open arms. We spent three days in Amherstburg, and profitable ones they were, marching, and playing, and practising. We left for Toledo, U.S., early on Friday morning and arrived there shortly after dinner. The people were expecting us and we were received with some amount of dignity. God bless the ladies. We marched through the city on arriving, and formed up at the barracks at 7 p.m. Our first appointment was in a large Methodist church. We held a good open-air and then proceeded to the church, where a goodly number were awaiting. We had a good, lively, salvation meeting. Our dear saintly read and, as usual, invited sinners to the cross, and we believe that good will follow our first attempt in Toledo. We will be here till Tuesday morning. Every body pray for the Brigadier—J. V. A.

THE WIDE WORLD!

ENGLAND.

The General in Sweden, accompanied by Commissioner Booth-Tucker. Getting ready for his Indian, African and Australian campaigns.

Great staff change. Six P. O.'s and 20 D. O.'s under orders.

The Japanese pioneering party, under Brigadier Wright, preparing for transportation.

Mrs. Bramwell Booth conducts Bristol's Rescue Anniversary. Two large churches crowded.

110 cadets on the march. At Holway, 47 souls.

UNITED STATES.

Commander and Mrs. Booth at Wilkesbarre. Magnificent donations for new hall, \$1,200.

Mrs. Colonel Badie sinking. All hopes of recovery abandoned.

New hall opened at Asbury Park. More arrests! Staff-Captain R. B. Cox at Colorado Springs, and women cadets at St. Louis, taken in patrol wagon.

INDIA.

Commissioner Rahaad and Colonel Bal Singh once more at the front.

Colonel Jai Bal attacked by fever. Much better.

Staff-Captain Himmat Singh on the boom march.

TELEPH

Capt. H

A Consecrated
Drops the Sw
tor's Palm

A telephone m
Myies informs us
man, late of Ni
away to be with
day, July 1st. S
Wednesday after
Listowel. Her ca
faithful one. She
in every sense of
though for some
been laid aside,
desire to do some
dom of God.

Who will rise
place? My sister
wants you!

We shall give
her life and dea
pray for the lov
that God may c
dark hour. The
tained a loss, bu
gain.

Be ye also re
Chief Asst., Cent

WHAT ARE Y WHERE

WHAT AND Y
YOU WELL. M
Why, don't ye
That poor, old
Who used to
So drunk that
Went stagger
Against the w
Has been this
its folks do s
And now with
Shout and so
due with the
Marches on?

Hallelujah! T

Perhaps a few
in general will
cry readers.

"We live, in th
And fighting on
The blood can
stain,
And keep us c

Seen kind o
somehow or ot
too late for W
on, on!

ST. JOHN'S
Casualty in the
meetings appea
now. The city
are falling in
command. At
Seven stood up
low.

CARLETON,
He'd a week-
when 18 or 20
in farewell
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ST. STEPHEN
David Wright
diction takes
Mason, and L
one of his o
in command.
"Baba are
trick. Not so
are. Never
in for God aw
bound to win
HIS faithful
NEVER! En
wellig.

HALIFAX

**Drops the Sword for the Vic-
tor's Palm in Glory.**

Be ye also ready!
ADJUTANT TURNER.
 Chief Asst., Central Ontario Province.

HALIFAX DISTRICT. — This is



A quantity of good work for God is being done by the rank and file as well as by the F. O's throughout the territory. Many Cny sellers omit to send us their number sold. We shall be glad of this information from every seller, also incidents of Cny selling and the photos of sellers. Cny sellers! this is your column, boom it up. Yours whole-heartedly for progress.

EMERY.

THREE WEEKS' SALES

Sergt. Armstrong, St. John III.	. 300
Lieut. McPherson, St. John III.	. 170
Capt. Miller, St. John III.	. 161
Sergt. Nugent, St. John III.	. 63

Capt. Graham, London . . .	115
Cudot McKersle, London . . .	111
Capt. Graham, London . . .	100
Ident. Mitheson, St. John H. . .	99
Lieut. McIntyre, St. John I. . .	85

Capt. Prince, St. Stephen, N.B.	70
Capt. Taylor, Sydney, C. B.	69
Ensign Wiseman, Ottawa	68
Capt. Prince, St. Stephen	67
Ensign Hamilton, Hamilton, V.	66
Lieut. H. Randall, Sydney, C.P.	65
Mrs. Edwiga Moore, Chatham	64
Serge-Major Pierce, Temple	63
Capt. Carter, St. John I.	62
Mrs. Wiseman, Ottawa	61
Mimio Mosher, Carleton, N.B.	60
Mrs. Jones, Hamilton I.	59
Mrs. Edwiga Wiseman, Ottawa	58
Ensign Hamilton, Hamilton	57
Carole Brass, Hamilton I.	56
Father Dixon, Temple	55
Capt. Gamble, St. John V.	54
Ensign Creighton, St. Stephen	53
Lieut. Ryan, Carleton, N.B.	52
Capt. Johnstone, St. John V.	51
Cadet Rout, Prescott	50
Mrs. Dyker, Orillia	49
Ensign Thompson, Temple	48

Office in charge, Luncenburg corps	45
Lieut. Clarke, St. John V.	31
Cadet O'Neill, Prescott	31
Capt. Beardsell, Ottawa	21
A. A. Kelly, Perth	21
Lieut. Poole, Campbellton	21
Sergt. Henderson, Ottawa	36
Sergt. Maud Hersey, Kingston	36
Emelgen Wiseman, Ottawa	21
Carrie Brass, Hamilton L.	21
Sergt. Dolphin, Kingston	21
Sergt. Glenn, Kingston	21
A. A. Kelly, Perth	21
Sergt. Wilson, St. John H.	21
Sergt. Lee, Carleton, N.B.	21
Capt. Beardsell, Ottawa	21
Lieut. Stacey, Sussex	21

THANKS.

[illegible]

TWO WEEKS' SALES.

Sister Shelly, Berlin	63
Ensign Gage, Halifax I. . . .	46
Sergt. Mrs. Casbin, Halifax I. .	44
Sister Mrs. Bond, Halifax I. . .	81

NEWS NOTES.

HURRAH for Wells' Hill camp. Every night sees some special demonstration. There are 25 tents artistically arranged round the central meeting tent.

DOMINION DAY was a glorious time. The Commandant came for the afternoon and night, and led in splendid style. Everyone was delighted. We had five souls.

THE COMMANDANT'S SPECIAL DESIRE to form a concertina brass and string band at Headquarters is maturing. "Second to none," is the watchword.

ANOTHER WARRIOR gone home. We are sorry to report the death of Captain Hardman, late of St. Catharines. She was a soldier of the right stamp, and will be sorely missed. May God comfort the folks at home!

MAJOR FRIEDRICH writes the Commandant in glowing terms about his Province. He is pushing the opening of new corps with characteristic energy.

THE NAVAL BRIGADE is now working towards Toronto. A tour to Montreal is planned.

ANOTHER NEW CORPS will shortly be opened in the Mantoulin Island Gore Bay is the favored place.

THE CENTRAL ONTARIO LADIES' BRASS BAND is almost complete. Miss Wale is the leader, and Captain Nellie Griffiths the bandmistress. They will be called the "Toronto Female Brass Band."

Newfoundland Shore Pebbles

PROGRESS is our cry all around the Island. The monthly average sheet shows a decided increase on our soldiers' roll. Financially, the times are brighter, for which we give God praise.

ALL THE FIELD OFFICERS have had a change and are now in harness at their new appointments. This week it is the D. O.'s turn. They have left their old districts and are now in St. John for council, previous to taking charge of their new commands.

BEFORE THIS REACHES YOU, Ensign Goodby and Capt. Burton will have made one. They have fought well as single officers, but what shall we expect now that they are united. They go forth full of faith to take charge of the Eastern District.

ENSIGN FREEMAN takes charge of the Northern district. He is a man full of faith and one who loves hard work. Look out for the north and watch the reports.

CAPT. CRICHTON, who has been a right-hand man at the Provincial headquarters, and who has worked hard, late and early, to keep the boot up to date, has also said good-bye to us. He now goes forward as Ensign to take charge of the Trinity Bay District. We believe for great victories in his command. God bless **Ensign Crichton**.

BRIGADE CAPT. PAYNE has been promoted to the rank of Ensign and takes charge of the Southern District. He has done a good stroke of business in the east, and we believe the south will go up with leaps and bounds.

LIEUT. CAVE has come to Provincial Headquarters as scribe. He has taken hold well and loves his work very much. God bless the scribe!

THE SCHOONER has been fitted out for Labrador. Capt. Parsons is in charge of her, and will find willing helpers in Lieuts. Bishop and Burr and Cadets Baxter and Sparks. They will visit every cove on the northern shore and then proceed to Labrador where they shall spend over two months with the fishermen.

It has cost us over \$150 fitting it out, and will be glad to receive your donation.

THE RESULT of our last meeting at St. John's was nine souls seeking mercy, and the soldiers' meeting was a time of much blessing.

J. D. SHARP, Pro. Sec.

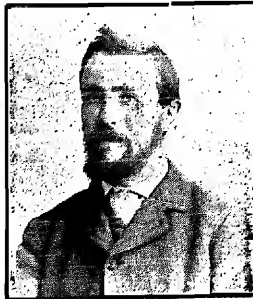
- THE -

Once Wild West

AMONG THE WOOD CREE INDIANS

BROTHER ZURHORST, a well-known soldier of the Toronto Temple corps, has returned to the city, looking hale and hearty, after a sojourn of two years in the Northwest, a large portion of the time on the reserve of the Wood Cree Indians, Five Miles from a White Man's House.

Our comrade was formerly an officer, but a break-down in health compelled his retirement. Finally, he travelled west, hoping the invigorating atmosphere would permanently benefit his constitution.



BROTHER ZURHORST.

ABOUT A HUNDRED AND THIRTY MILES FROM EDMONTON he "pitched his moving tent" to teach in an Indian school, by Methodist appointment, under Government pay, assisting the missionary and becoming profoundly interested in the spiritual and temporal welfare of those amongst whom he lived and toiled, sang, prayed and testified of the power of a crucified Saviour.

-O-X-

BROTHER ZURHORST needed no prompting, his subject possessed him. He charged off like a gun ready loaded at the first inquiry:

"Did you go as a Salvationist?"

"Oh, yes; and stuck to my uniform the first six months right along, until it was worn out. I was fifteen months teaching under Methodist appointment in the Government day-school."

Training the Papooses,

and visiting, etc., amongst the Indians and helping the missionary on Sunday, and week-days, too."

"Are they sociably inclined?"

"With one another, very. It is the Wood Cree Indian nature to visit. To any stranger, also, they will be friendly if they take to him. The children, even if they have anything given to them, will immediately share it with one another. In school I would sometimes give them a few raisins or a little sugar, as a reward afterwards the others would all wait round to taste it, too."

"What about music?"

"Oh, they are very fond of music—pick up songs easily. They kept me singing choruses nearly thirty miles once. We went travelling over the prairie like pilgrims, nearly 500 of us, men, women and children, moving slowly, pitching our tents at night and camping together. We were gone about ten days, to a sort of district meeting. I liked to sing for them in English. They liked 'We'll roll the old chariot along.'"

"Are they suspicious towards white people?"

"Well, they take good stock of you. They are remarkably keen, penetrating, and sharp as a needle to see who is sincere, apart from those who are

Merely Self-Seekers or Time Servers.

They seem gifted with a peculiar instinct that way. They can see

THE OVER-SEA COLONY.

A Social Catechism.

Copy of a Despatch Received From the General by the Commandant.

BY THE GENERAL.

CHAPTER II.—THE SITE.

1. Has the site for the O. C. S. been decided upon.

No, although seeing much clearer than I have done before what I need, and since my visit to Canada being much drawn in the direction of the Northwest Provinces of that country. I cannot say that I am decided on any particular part of the world.

2. What do you consider to be required?

What I could wish would be a tract of country large enough for the reception and maintenance of a considerable population at such a distance from any great city as to be free from the temptations that great cities usually present, and yet not so far from Great Britain as to make it too difficult or costly for the conveyance of a large number of people.

3. Are there any other properties you deem necessary in the country you would like to select?

Yes. I want a climate that will suit the emigrant as it regards health and vitality. I don't want it to be too enervating, as I desire to see it occupied by a strong, energetic race, not too rigorous for a people who may not all have the most vigorous constitutions to commence with. In addition, I want a fair rainfall, together with a fertile soil, which will produce all the main classes of food required by a miscellaneous population.

4. What about markets?

Well, we shall, I expect, be ultimately very much independent of markets, but still it will certainly be greatly to our advantage, and, indeed, a necessity, to be able to obtain some cash for our productions. Especially will this be the case at the beginning, consequently we ought not to be very far either from a port on the open sea or from a railway with a reasonable tariff for freightage. Of course this is also a most serious question, because it is connected with the cost of bringing Colonists whom we expect will be arriving in a continued stream.

5. What articles do you expect to have for disposal? That is to say, what will be your exports?

That will entirely depend upon the character of the country we occupy, and more especially still upon the purchasers we are able to obtain. Amongst other things, we reckon as an agricultural people on having various kinds of farm produce, such as butter, cheese, hogs, beef, etc., etc. As to manufactures, we shall be able to produce almost anything that will sell for which we can find buyers, because we shall have skilled colonists of every trade and calling, able as once to turn their hands to whatever may be wanted in their line. If it is furniture, we will make furniture; if boots and shoes, then we

through you as if you were made of glass. They know a sham, and they know a hypocrite in a second."

"They are inclined to beg a good deal, are they not?"

"You see they have come to turn to the white man for help and support. They look to the natives and fishes, but if they understand you are as poor as themselves they are just as ready to share as with one another. We did all we could to teach them that it was wrong to beg, whilst all the time we would assist them as much as it was in our power, relieving the sick, taking them little things, and so on."

"Is there any difference noticeable between the older people of the race and the rising generation?"

will turn out those articles. We can secure and train in England producers of any goods that may be wanted.

6.—Have you anything to say about nationality?

Well, without any reflection on any other nation, I naturally prefer that the experiment should be made under the British flag. I do so because I expect the first colonists will be largely from British shores. When I undertake the task of establishing a colony of the same kind for "Darkest Africa," I shall never dream of any other of the broad acres within its own borders, and so with India and many other nations.

7. What about the government of the colony?

It would be conducted strictly on the same principle as the S. A. or as are the social operations of to-day. For instance:

1. There would be a set of orders and regulations drawn up or approved by myself, suggested largely by our past experience.

2. A Governor, appointed by the General of the S. A. for the time being for a set period.

3. Officers selected by the Governor and approved by the General.

8. Don't you anticipate difficulty with your government on the colony?

Well, there might possibly be some measure of friction; that would be expected, but not more than is the case with the government of the Salvation Army generally. If the tens of thousands of Salvationists, largely raised up from the class whom we expect to have under our control in this scheme, are held together in the heartiest unity while laboring incessantly for the welfare of their fellow-men, without any worldly advantage being connected therewith, how much more reason have we to expect that with these methods and earthly advantages superadded, there will be concord and the heartiest co-operation.

9. Would the colonists be subject to the laws of the country in which the colony was situated?

Certainly, in every respect, so long as there was nothing in those laws that interfered with the conscientious discharge of the duty the colonists owed to God.

10. Would any exceptional legislation or arrangement be asked for with respect to the temperance question?

We would simply want a zone around our settlement within which the manufacture, sale or distribution, in any form, of intoxicating liquors would be illegal. In most colonies I am informed that the existing laws make such an arrangement quite possible.

(To be continued.)

"The passing men and women who have followed the buffalo and lived in tents on the prairie trail, are

Decidedly Darker in Hue

than the younger race, who have lived in houses. They dress, too, like the whites, discarding the blanket, or using it a little in the house. The younger people, who are willing to take instruction and to be guided by the Government agent, are many of them growing quite prosperous, with farms and large wagons, and teams, whilst those who cling on to their old customs and ideas are all backward, and behind the times."

"Are they superstitiously inclined?"

"The Wood Cree Indians are naturally religious. The converted man

gives thanks in the morning and prays and asks God's blessing before and after every meal. I visited some in their houses, and they seemed pleased to have me pray with them, either in English or Cree. Of course, I could say little in Cree, but when I didn't know any more I went on in English. They are glad to find white men who are willing to learn their language. They said, 'Now you are Cree—not Canadian.' Of course, I could not do very much at it in the time. The missionary or 'preaching man,' as they translate it—spent ten years amongst the Indians before he could talk freely, without an interpreter."

"What are their houses like now, and how do they furnish them?"

"They are about square in shape, and built of logs, generally left as one big room, with a loft above, where they can stow anything. They sleep below. The furniture is homemade, with a sort of four-post bed, and generally one stool for the missionary or teacher. As a rule they prefer to sit on the floor themselves, and the brick chimney is in the side of the wall. They like to eat on the floor, too. Their meal consists often of tea, bread and rabbit. They catch lots of rabbits with a trap made with string, attached to a strong young sapling, that springs up and leaves the rabbit high and dry."

"I was very much interested in a tea-dance."

"A TEA-DANCE?"

"Yes. Of course the

Government won't Allow Them Whisky

on the "tea-dance."

"Oh, it would be disastrous to the whole community; but they are very fond of drinking tea, black tea, supplied them by the Hudson Bay Company. One night I was sitting to rest about ten o'clock, when I heard a curious tapping in the distance. I thought surely it couldn't be the Army drum in this remote region. So I went to find out what it was. I traced it over the fields by the lake to a house, where I found about forty men and women at this tea-dance. They had a sort of drum they had constructed by tying a piece of ox-hide round a bent and curved stick. This they were beating and jumping up and down, with very little variety, except changing now and then into quicker time, with a

Sort of Whoop, or Shriill Whistle

repeated. Every now and then they would stop to drink tea out of the big cup-pot. 'Teacher,' they said to me, by an interpreter, 'wig have you come?' 'I came to see you,' I said. 'Why do you want to see us?' they asked. They wanted to know if I had come to tell their agent of them. I said I did not think the agent liked this sort of thing, and they agreed that he did not, but they could not tell what I tried to explain that for the sake of the children I taught, and was trying to bring up to a better life, it was not good for them to hold on to these remains of a wild, past existence, and wasting their little money, too, on so much tea. However, they insisted they wanted their play, so I left them."

SPECIMEN OF CREE LETTERS.

W. C. S. A. 1894.

W. C. S. A. 1894.

These are characters representing the vowels. "There are signs for every letter."

"Do you like to leave us?" they asked, when I came home. "No," I told them. "Why don't you?" they asked again. So I explained that when I came I had only white friends, but now I found I had Indian friends, too. No, it isn't hard to win their affection if you are true."

GRACE-BEFORE-MEAT.

In England there is a postman who has a box at his office, in which every postman may drop his odd cents. One of the boxes is in a house where the Greek priest drops in his cents when the landlady presents the box.

Major Rand will be glad to receive reports and incidents, or any suggestion for the advancement of the scheme.



SCOTCH BOB, MODERN PRODIGAL.

A Serial Story.

"Take heed I say unto you there is joy in the presence of the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth."



H. MY BEAUTIFUL HEATHER! Oh, the purple heather, and the scented fern and bracken, waist deep, and the pine trees, they smell so sweet in the summer! AND THE DEER, and the rabbits scudding, and the grouse among the heather. I remember it all so well. Oh, what possessed me to leave such a home! A land of poetry and legend, with its stories of Rob Roy, and we boasted in the blood of the Macgregors.

I remember the picture of our own home as it hung on the wall. A big old, square mansion in Aberdeen—"THE SILVER CITY." It was called, built of white granite mien, flushing in the sunset, you could see it miles away, all greyish-white, or whitish grey. You know, it is built right there upon the estuary of the two rivers—the Dee and the Don.

The Old University Town,

full of historical association. Oh, what privilege! Was there ever a boy started out with greater chances than I had?

But my father always said there was "a kink in my moral nature." And the old Brig o' Don is mentioned in poems as the most beautiful in the Kingdom, spanning a very deep pool in the river.

There was a legend about that bridge, it was prophesied:

"Oh a mare's no foot,
An' a mither's no son,
Gang over the Brig o' Don,
Thou'll shant fa'."

Our conclusion was so superstitious he refused to drive over that bridge because he said he was "a mither's no son" and consequences might be disastrous.

MY GRANDFATHER was a West Indian merchant, who owned a large sugar plantation on the island of Granada, but at the time of the abolition of slavery, and owing to a drop in the price of sugar, he became insolvent. His property went into chancery, and there it remains to this day.

I distinctly remember THE DEALING OF THE DEVIL with me in those boyhood days. I remember I piled me with endless temptations to sin. But the first I can recollect of being dealt with on religious matters was once when I was severely reprimanded by my father for my behavior in church. Ours was a big, old, square, hilly pew, and whilst he was listening to the sermon I tried to crawl underneath the seat. I remember the old bundle who used to walk up that aisle in the "dim, religious light," with its intense silence, and a certain smell of the vault or the tomb.

That Solemn-Visaged Beadle

used to meet my father and the rest of us at the door, with such a consequential air, as we stepped down from the carriage and entered the porch. It was a part of his duty to show people to their seats. He would swing open the gate of the pew for us and close it with the little velvet, after that he would descend to some regions below to fetch the old Bible. He would gravely place it upon the pulpit cushion, and re-descend to usher the minister solemnly up from the vestry, close the gate, and take

his seat in the front row to sleep in his pews, back out.

Oh, but the Scotch are the people who know how to appreciate a good sermon; listen for an hour and never stir, so still that you could hear a pin drop. They had no use for a sermon unless it had some profound argumentative thread running through it. It's something of a temptation to this day to me to give way to a controversial spirit, and what is it, the Apostle Paul says?—"Avoid foolish and unedifying questions, for they do hinder strife." I often have to pull myself up, even now, arguing.

But the singing impressed me. I always was sensitive to music, only it was so slow.

"All—peo—ple—that—on—earth—do—well." But it was a sin to whistle: "Ye manna whistle on the Sabbath day, indie," they told me.

When I visited my home years after, I found myself running ahead of the congregation all the time.

I WAS THE YOUNGEST of six children living, four boys and two girls. MY FATHER was a retired officer in Her Majesty's service, holding the rank of Major. He was invalided home just previous to the Indian mutiny. Several of our family were born in India before he returned home to the west of Scotland.



"We boasted our descent from the Kings of Scotland."

Oh, the pride of birth in those old Scotch families, and amongst the chums, with all their

Boast in Hereditary Nobility!

what did it do for me? Oh, how shall I tell what depths I sunk to, what was it possessed me? To think that I broke my father's heart, and whitened his hair! God forgive me! The motive held out to me to do right was most of all that I might not disgrace the good name of our family descent, for on both sides we boasted our descent from the kings of Scotland. I remember the queer, old family pictures—the rooms were full of them.

We children were kept in the nursery. We had our meals there; we were only allowed down after dinner at night a little while, and on Sunday we dined at noon, after the strictly church service. Always a cold dinner: nothing was cooked on Sunday unless it was the potatoes boiled, or soup warmed up, with cold meat cooked the day before. And father repeated a verse of Scripture, whilst

all of us children in turn said one we had learnt beforehand.

But, oh, I had A TERROR OF A TEMPER! I would bite, and scratch, and tear the nurse's face to pieces if I could. I was so obstinate they never made me say I was sorry. I would die almost before I would give in. They would keep me shut up without food until I was really so hungry I couldn't hold out any longer. Then I would say I was sorry; but it was simply to get something to eat, not from any sense of Godly sorrow, that worketh repentance, oh, dear, no! I would do it again as soon as the claims of nature were satisfied.

Outside there was a beautiful bed of

Rhododendrons, Double Crimson and White

—father always was fond of gardening. There, near the stable, I came near killing my brother in my ungovernable, reckless passion. I struck him on the head with a deep cut near the eyes, he carried the scar long afterwards. I got a licking that time. My likings were always preface with a sermon. I don't remember the sermon, but I do remember the licking.

But here I want to say, with deepest emphasis that all I have I owe to MY FATHER, my grand, old father. All I have of anything that is manly or good, I trace to my ideal of my father. He was a magnificent man, with his firm-set mouth, square, high forehead, and military form.

And, oh! GOD FORGIVE ME! To think that I broke his heart! God help me!

My father was very careful with our boyhood training. When we were just nursery days he would call us himself, regularly and early, into his own room. After we had taken our cold plunges every morning, he would make me get down at his knees and pray. Dear old man! and I pat grey hairs into his head!

His love was great, but God's, I suppose, was greater.

The remembrance of the love of my earthly parents helped me later to believe it was possible God Almighty could forgive me.

It was not for want of

Every Chance to be Good

and noble that I went wrong afterwards.

How shall I tell it all—all my sin!

What a change for me, to that little shack in the Northwest compared to my beautiful, old Scotch home, with its wide hall-way, with the stained glass windows, and the crest, with our family motto: "Spei spera levat." "Hope helps labor." I remember well how one day a drunken chieftain drove against the wall and broke the coping-stone.

When I was IN MY TEENS father moved into a house in the country a little way out of the city of Aberdeen.

I never drank. I never knew the taste of whiskey. I tremble to think what I should have become with my fierce temper. That was thanks to my father, too. It was the custom in every family to take a little wine, and ours was no exception to the rule. But Francis Murphy came lecturing to the city on the Blue Ribbon Crusade. Father was convicted, and gave it up. I noticed that the wine-cellar was empty, and that the decanters were not in the big, heavy mahogany sideboard. One side of this cupboard the butter and honey and such like, were kept, and on the other the wine, and there I used to steal the nuts whenever I had the chance—when the butter had forgotten to lock up the sherry and maderia. When I was forced to eat with a steel fork, or none at all, I used to conjure up our own old lovey silverware, and the delicate china, especially one set of

Wedgwood, Worth its Weight In Gold.

What a way poor father was in when a hired girl fell with a tray full of it, and smashed it. He scoured the country round to match it, but in vain. None had the same old, old enamel, with its antique, yellow tinge. Sometimes, after society gatherings, we boys would catch the butter coming out of the room where the company were, and come him to let us

taste the champagne. But I never liked it, and father gave it up as soon as he stepped into the light—he always followed the light as he had it.

(To be continued.)

Hurray for Grand Forks!

A Glorious Break at Major Bennett's Welcome.

35 SOULS!

Last Saturday, Captain Kemp, First City, and I took the train for Grand Forks, North Dakota. After travelling for about five hours through some of the most beautiful country I ever saw, and for rocks, rivers and picture scenery, but a land flowing with milk and honey. It looked like one grand field, from the boundary to the city, of grain in splendid condition. Thousands of acres as far as the eye could reach on each side of the track. I thought what a blessing a lot of work even make or get out of this, which was, only a few years ago, a wild, vast prairie. Before we got to our destination we had to run through several nice towns. Just across the line was Pembina, N.D., where we have arranged camp meetings next month, and are expecting wonderful things. There is also Drayton, a growing, live of industry, which I hope will soon be large enough for us to open. Then comes Grafton, a place with a population of nearly three thousand. This place is ripe unto harvest, and it is only the lack of officers that keeps us from opening at once. The Gospel drum will be soon heard in the streets.

We arrived at Grand Forks, a fine city of about eight thousand inhabitants, and were welcomed by a crowd of uniformed soldiers, who soon made us feel we were in the land of the free. They were most happy to see us. Bro. Klingman took us to supper, where we saw his soldier-wife busy making the good things ready for us. After supper we met the soldiers at the hall for the open-air. We had a large ring of soldiers and a great crowd of sinners listened to the salvation offered to them. Indoors we had the large hall almost full and at the close of the meeting we saw four souls cry for mercy.

Sunday there was a fine turnout to knee drill, and at the holiness meeting twenty-three came out for the blessing of a clean heart, and two for salvation. In the afternoon meeting four more sought toil and went away rejoicing, and at night two more cried for salvation.

We had good crowds all day. The soldiers turned out well, and were full of fire for the salvation of the sinner.

Monday night was a great success. The soldiers came up well, and we had a long march through East Grand Forks, which is in the State of Minnesota. The Red river, which is the boundary line of the two States, runs between the two cities. In Grand Forks proper there are no saloons. It is a fine, energetic business town, with a large number of fine stone and brick buildings, but East Grand Forks has scarcely got a business house in it. All along the main street, both sides almost every door is a trap door to hell, and hundreds may be seen prowling about the haunts of iniquity who are slaves to drink, gambling, lust, and everything that is vile. It was through this place that we marched, and after an open-air we had a glorious time in the hall, which was well filled, although the weather was very hot.

The officers have taken well hold and are loved of the people. I believe they are destined to do a good work for the city and for its people, by the help and power of God.

I stayed with Brother and Sister Vaisel, who are both converts of the Army, and who showed me the greatest possible kindness.

Mrs. Major Bennett is to visit this corps July 20, 21, and 22, and she will have a good time.

Nanaimo

Corps History.

When the news of the discovery of coal became known to the world, miners speedily flocked in from other parts, and the Nanaimo camp grew in a very short time into a town of no small size and importance.

Enterprising Tradesmen

soon established every business except that of interest to the soul, chief among them the liquor traffic. It was a typical mining town. There was plenty of work, plenty of beer, and plenty of money, and these seemed to be the three essentials in life with the miners. Very little thought of by the majority of the hard-working miners, whose great ambition was to earn money and greater pleasure to spend it.

The saloons were the only places of amusement, and into these they would flock night after night. About the time of the coal company's payday the sounds of reveling and drunkenness could be heard from one end of the town to the other. Many a man has made more than one fortune in those days, and spent it behind those swing doors.

The vice wickedness and God-forsakenness was utterly appalling to the few faithful followers of the lowly Nazarene, for though they struggled bravely for God and right, they were sadly in the minority, and felt that their efforts to stem the current of sin were almost, if not altogether, fruitless in comparison with the visible results of those who were seeking not to elevate but lower these

Victims of the Devil in Solution.

Think God, times have changed since then, and despite the fact that over twenty saloons are licensed by the city to keep salubrious liquor, to combat this evil several temperance lodges exist which are doing considerable work in enlightening, and also by talking for legislation in favor of the suppression of the drink traffic.

The Y. M. C. A. and the W. C. T. U. are also actively engaged in the battle for right. Members of these organizations are largely drawn from the different city churches, of which there are two Church of England, two Presbyterian, two Methodist, one Baptist, and one Roman Catholic. Last, but by no means least, comes the S. A., where many who were once bound by the chains of drink and sin have found deliverance from the power of their enemy, and testify to-day of being kept.

A miner's life, in any part of the world, is

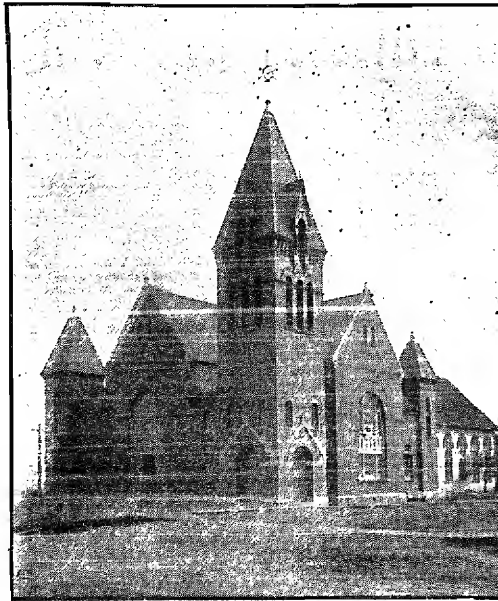
Fraught with Danger,

and many a brave fellow has been called away from this world while at work some hundreds of feet below the surface.

It might be noted that the N. V. C. Co.'s mines have suffered fewer explosions than the majority of those in other lands, which have been working the same length of time.

All modern improvements, both for the comfort and convenience of the men who toll there day after day, and safeguards against accident have been introduced.

No. 1, the principal shaft, situated



PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, Nanaimo, where the General held his Social Meeting

at the southern end of Nanaimo, is nearly seven hundred feet deep, and the descent in the large iron cage can be accomplished in less than a minute. Here are located the company's offices, the power house for the subterranean electric tramway, and the stabling accommodation for the mines.

Visitors are allowed the privilege of descending this shaft, with permission from the superintendent, Mr. Samuel M. Robbins, who has always been a practical friend to the S. A. since their opening, and his financial aid has been willingly given towards the erection of the present barracks.

Among the many who have taken the advantage of exploring this underground region are some prominent in Army circles, and the pages of the War Cry have already been graced with a photograph of our Canadian leader, Commandant Booth, and Staff, in mining costume; also a sketch from his pen giving an account of their experience while down the shaft.

To those unaccustomed to the workings of the mine it seems but an

Intricate Net-Work of Passages,

through which the boxes loaded with coal are continually being run from the different levels to the shaft.

Some of the miners work two or three miles from the bottom of the shaft, and if they should be once shut off from access to it or the protection shaft (which is connected with No. 1 through underneath the harbor) escape would be impossible, and, notwithstanding every precaution, accidents common to coal mines frequently happen, often attended with loss of life.

Three large explosions have hap-

pened in the mines in Nanaimo district. On the occasion of their taking place, many homes were bereaved and light hearts crushed with sorrow.

The first was at Wellington, on the 17th of April, 1879, when twelve men were killed.



LIEUT. HURST and SIS. LOUIE SMITH, War Cry winners.

The next was in No. 1, May 3rd, 1887, and was known as

A Dust Explosion.

Its results were terrible. One hundred and forty-eight men were imprisoned, with no chance of escape. With two or three exceptions, the bodies were all recovered and identified by sorrowing loved ones, but the others remain there to this day. Of the number killed, ninety-six were white men and fifty-two Chinamen.

The next year another took place at Wellington on the 21st of January, when sixty-eight were unhurt from time into eternity, thirty-one white men and the remainder Chinese.

No pen could picture the heart-rending scenes that took place at this time. Nanaimo was indeed a sorrowing city. Thank God, many took warning and started to live for Heaven.

IN THE SPRING OF 1888 huge mobs posted about the city announced that the Salvation Army would open fire on May 20th. Some of the citizens became quite uneasy, and some prophesied that the town was to be destroyed.

The eventful day arrived, and with it the Captain and Lieutenant (now Capt. Richardson, of Brantford, Ont.) When the people saw that instead of

The Expected Regiment,

only two harmless lads had come to make war in Nanaimo, fear subsided. Nevertheless, in the first few meetings, those that valued their respectability kept at a safe distance, and when they ventured inside the barracks it was to take seats as near the door as possible.

But leaning on that promise, "My God shall supply all your need," the brave pair went ahead, the town hall was rented and fitted up as a barracks, while the back of the building was used as quarters.

The fighting at first was desperately hard, the Lieutenant being forced to work in the mine to keep down expenses, but the God who had sent them there did not let them wait.

A few kind friends gathered round and became "ministering spirits" to their temporal needs. Of these, our friend, Mrs. Forest, was most untiring in her efforts to help and cheer the two who had come as

God's Messengers.

God bless her. Crowds did not flock to the meetings during the first month, for, be it known, the Nanaimo people do a little thinking before they embrace any new-fangled idea, but the two officers felt, when after almost three months' fighting they gained the first convert, that victory was on their side.

(To be continued.)

'Watchmen, What of the Night?'

The earth lieth sick with sorrow and sin.

And the healers heal her slightly; 'Tis little they reck of the plague within, Or the mortal wounds unlighty.

There's sovereign balm for the sufferer still—

But alas, if it be not taken! There's pardon for sinners, whoever will, But only for sin forsaken.

Who loveth a lie, though he feign it white,

Is a slave to the great lie-father; Who doeth a wrong, though he count it right, Is in league with rapine and murder.

Who seeketh the truth, who pleadeth for ruth, Hath God and His angels behind him;

Who saveth a soul—in the glorious roll

Of the ages, a prince ye shall find him.

Choose heaven or hell! They are everywhere,

And the eyes that be opened have seen them; Their messengers throng in the thoroughfare,

Not a foot may tread between them.

For justice and might, for God and the right,

They have pressed on the soul's fair portal.

The demons of darkness, the angels of light,

Contend for a spirit immortal.

And queen of their passionate quest is she,

In the terrible hour of her choosing,

For the will of the heart is the silver key

Of an infinite winning or losing!

The infinite Love will not force her hand,

And they dare not—those regions infernal—

While waiting and pleading they see Him stand

For the truth of espousal eternal.

If she will—if she will—there is heaven for her still,

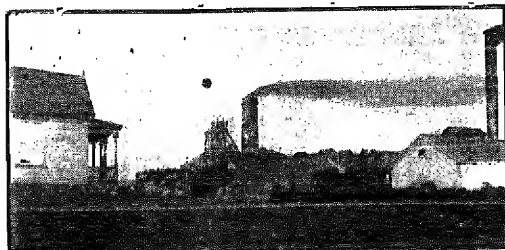
Though hell in the foreground rages;

For the feeblest may cling to the cross of our King,

And be safe in the Rock of Ages.

H. E. C.

Written especially for the War Cry.



NANAIMO COAL MINES—No. 1 Shaft.

Field Officers' Column

WRITTEN BY
AN F. O. FOR F. O's.

I received the following interesting letter, which is well worth publishing as the notes on "how to sell the War Cry."—Ed.

MONCTON, June 25, 1895.

Dear Major:—
I enclose my way of pushing the Cry. I haven't done so well as many officers, but God has helped me to sell them wherever I have been. The last two years I have never been very able to do much of either Cry selling or visiting. My body is not very strong. I do as much as I can in helping the others. There is no excuse for officers with any ability for not selling Crys. If they have an interest in the sales and are saved from pride and fear, they can sell them. The reduction in price will help us much, at the same time we will have to work to sell out the number supplied. God bless you. Yours faithfully,
EMILY BRADLEY.

Ensign has been a good Cry seller, too. I shouldn't say "has been," as he is off now with a bundle to the train carrying the volunteers off to drill.

How to Sell Crys.

I don't think I can do so well as many officers can, but I have been able to raise my sales in a number of places since I came in the field ten and a-half years ago. When it comes of course read Territorial Topics, then the best articles should be read and songs looked over.

TAKE IT VISITING. You can sell a Cry when you visit, often, that you couldn't if you didn't push it in that way.

CUSTOMERS. In big places my Lieutenants sold these best on Thursdays, sometimes Fridays (a.m.)

STORES, etc. Friday, a.m.

BAR-ROOMS. Saturday, afternoons. Of late years I did these myself. I loved this work. Sometimes 'twas a tug to start, but it gave such opportunities to speak to souls, and brought such blessing to my own.

BRIGADES. I never had any, but whenever I could, I put in sergeants to take districts after we had worked them up.

MEETINGS. War Cry meetings can be held successfully when the Cry is reduced. Admission, buy a Cry. Then do the meeting from its pages. Nothing to hinder this from being a good hit. Ordinary meetings should bring the Cry to the front, for singing at least.

Banged the Chinaman.

An Army Lassie Did Duty for Absent Police.

There were hundreds of people calmly watching a company of young brutes shamefully beating a Chinaman, on a recent Saturday night, 7 p.m., in the east end of Montreal.

Going her weekly round War Cry selling, Captain Terround had to pass this mob, which attracted her attention.

Bravely pushing through the crowd, this French lassie gave the poor Celtic a helping hand; and in spite of jeers, scoffing and many threats, she stood at his side protecting him from further harm. When the hoodlums left it was to pounce upon a poor, drunken man, whom they cruelly maltreated.

Your correspondent called at the laundry of Bang Lee shortly afterwards to enquire into the affair, and was met by that young man, who, in answer to a reason of the attack, said: "Me no know. Me work, put wadded on board, many had men, beat me. Look!" Then he showed me his swollen head and face from blows he had received. "Belly had man."

"Were they drunk?" I queried. "Me no tink; too wicked for drunk." "Who helped you?" I asked. "Lady solda, bum, bum, luma," which he said in great earnestness, imitating the beating of a drum.

This is a so-called Christian country. What next?

[Get the fellows saved.—Ed.]

Salvation Forever! MISSING

Times—Anything for Jesus, "B.J." 76; Onward, Christian soldiers, "B.J." 85.

On the cross of Calvary, Jesus died for me,
There He died and suffered that I might go free;
When He cried, "Tis finished," all great debt was paid,
'Twas for me He carried thorns upon His head.

Chorus.

I will love Thee, Jesus, every day,
Come what may;
I will love Thee, Jesus, follow all the way.

When by faith I saw Him on the cross,
When I knew His dying was to set me free,
Then I came, a sinner, at His feet I fell.

Now I live to praise Him and His goodness tell,
Sinner, won't you love Him, serve Him while you may?

You are hastening downward, come while yet 'tis day;
Soon you'll have to meet Him at the great white throne,
Come while He is calling, come, there still is room.

SISTER MRS. LICKMAN, Comber.

(O) (O) (O)

Tune—I do believe, Nativity, "B.J." 147; O, the voice, "B.J." 80, or Ella Rhen, "B.J." 85.

Oh, Saviour, Jesus, can it be
For me Thy blood was shed?
Thy groans in dark Gethsemane,
Thy thorns upon Thy head?

Chorus.

I do believe, I will believe,
Thy blood was shed for me;
Now cleanse my heart and make me pure,
And from all sin keep free.

Methinks I see the murderous crowd
Stand at the judgment hall,
Who rail on Thee, Thou Son of God,
And for Barabbas call.

Oh, Lord, to Thee I humbly bow,
In agony of soul;
From all my idols purge me now,
And cleanse and make me whole.

D. F. McAMMOND, Ensign, Bowmanville.

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Times—Calcutta, "B.J." 29; Hark, the Gospel news, "B.J." 77; Bread of Heaven, "B.J." 207; Blessed Lord, in Thee is refuge, "B.J." 61.

When, poor sinner, prostrate lying
On thy helpless, dying bed,
When thy life's last moments flying
Seal thee for the silent dead,
Where—unpardoned
Wilt thou hide thy guilty head?

All thy sins and crimes annunciated
Will like horrid phantoms rise;
And thy conscience, which has slumbered,
Wake to reassert its cries.

Culprits, shrieking,
While from God thy spirit flies.
Into that long, long forever,
Moaning, sighing, full of woe;
Tossed, yet making harbor never,
Wretched, ruined, you must go:
Ever drifting,
While eternal billows flow!

But the lighthouse, mercy's beacon,
Streams of glory sheds afar;
Calvary's Christ to thee is speaking,
Come, and welcome, wanderer.

Trust Him, sinner,
He will save you as you are.

MAJOR COMPLAIN.

(O) (O) (O)

OPEN-AIR SOLO

Tune—God is near thee, "B.J." 69.
Deep down in sin thy feet have wandered,
Far from your God your soul has strayed;
God's offered mercy you have squandered,
His tender voice you've not obeyed.

Listen sinner! Listen, sinner!
Don't you hear Him gently calling?
Listen, sinner, there is mercy,
Pardon offered full and free.

Deep down in sin you may have fallen,
Into the pit of woe and shame;
But God can save the heavy-laden
If you will call upon His name.

Poor, weary one, your Saviour loves you,
For you He died upon the tree,
For you He shed His blood, most precious,
Sinner, He tasted death for thee.

HANDSMAN GOODCHILD.

Victory yesterday! Holy Ghost times! FODER cried for merry!
Reading just now about the Derby out of the English Cry, I thought I would let you know about our Derby here on the 20th and 21st. We, too, thought it would be a good chance to get a hint at the devil, so we held three good, noon-day, open-air meetings opposite the hotel. There were all the sporting people in from miles around, and God helped us to pour out the Gospel truth to them. We all got blessed, in fact, one brother says he never got in such a good week. I believe some work was done for eternity. The people listened attentively, and gave us a good collection. One poor dupe of the devil got put behind the prison bars for trying to upset the meeting, and I hear he had to pay a dollar and a-half. I pray that God will save him. Praise God, there is salvation for drunks. We are expecting great times at the camp-meetings next week.

R. WILKINS, Capt.

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Harvest Fest

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VOL. XL No. 42

The Crew of



Joe, Annie,
Fred, Ed,
T. Moss.

W. Cameron.

THE NAVAL BRIG

Its Origin and Work

The Naval Brigade is an
of the Household Troops